

Realizations

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Realizations

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Tubbo and Schlatt have a talk after a familiar encounter with one of Schlatt's workers.

Notes

This fic might not make complete sense if you don't read the other parts of the series that come before first

Tubbo didn't mean to bump into the other man. He was going to his room to pack a bag to go back to the Antarctic Empire. He had been in Manberg without Tommy for a few days and he couldn't wait to see him again. So he walked ~~ran~~ down the hallway. He should have watched where he was going and been more careful but all he could think about was seeing Tommy again.

The papers the guy held fell to the floor. Tubbo turned as they hit the ground. "Oh" he exclaimed, surprised as he hadn't noticed the other man in the hallway. "I'm sorry here" he bent down to pick them up. Of course he'd help pick them up. Tommy waiting or not he wasn't going to be rude.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" A voice growled. His tone was familiar. Tubbo straightened and the papers fell from his hands. He took a small step backwards and looked up at the guy he bumped into. He didn't recognize him, and Tubbo had seen all the staff members before. He glared down at Tubbo with a snarl on his face. Tubbo tried to keep himself from bolting. He wasn't Dream, it was okay.

Tubbo bumped into him. He had the right to be mad. Even if the man's harsh tone sent shivers down his spine. Even if it was an accident. Tubbo made him drop his papers so getting yelled at was deserved. Surely it was deserved when the man grabbed his wrist harshly and yanked him forward.

"What the hell is a kid doing running around the White House?" He was in Tubbo's face now. He tried to stay calm. It was okay, he was just yelling. The man's freehand moved up and Tubbo flinched back then- oh. He was just grabbing his phone from his pocket. The grip on his wrist tightened and he couldn't stop himself from tearing up. The man scoffed and rolled his eyes. "Now you're crying? Seriously you little-"

"What the *fuck* are you doing?"

The man couldn't even turn towards the voice before his arm was forcefully pulled away from the boy. Tubbo's fingers curled around the hem on the back of his dad's suit. He wrinkled it but the President didn't care. "Mr. President" the man said looking at Schlatt, surprise evident in his tone. Schlatt paid no mind to the papers on the floor or the fear in the man's eyes in front of him.

This man touched his son. He didn't care what happened before, he didn't care who he was. This man could be a fucking god for all he cared, though he knew logically he was just one of his office workers. A terrible one so it seemed. "This kid was running through the hallways" he explained motioning to Tubbo. Schlatt's angry gaze didn't change. It didn't turn into understanding like the man thought it would. Instead Schlatt just shifted more in front of the boy.

"What gives you the right to put your hand on my son?" He asked slowly. The man's eyes seem to widen even more. He looks at the ram horns on Schlatt's head and then the ram horns on the boys. It clicks in his head. "Sir I'm so sorry, I didn't know that was your son I swear-"

he started. Schlatt took a step forward making some of the paper move with his step. The man took a small step back. "If it was someone else's son it'd be okay then?"

Silence. The man just stared. He didn't know what to say. He'd say yes but he had a suspicion that would only anger his boss even more. Schlatt snarled in disgust. "Get out" The man nearly dropped the last few papers he held in his hands. "Pardon?"

"You heard me" Schlatt yanked the papers he held away. He wouldn't need them anymore. "You're fired" a few of the other White House workers stood watching now. Some were silently happy, this man was an ass and they all cared about Tubbo. The President looked away and waved his hand dismissively. The worked swallowed. "But—" Schlatt looked up from the papers on his ground and stared at the man again. His furious eyes glared so intensely. None of the White House workers had ever seen him so mad before, not since he found out Tubbo was taken anyways.

"Get the fuck out of my White House" he snapped. The now cowering man left quickly. Schlatt glared until his disappeared. Once he knew the man was gone he turned back to his son. The fear in his sons eyes made his anger evaporate immediately. Tubbo's shoulder dropped at this. The President cursed at himself. He had been trying to not get angry in front of Tubbo. He'd never direct it at the boy but he knew Tubbo would be affected anyways.

He hesitantly reached a hand up and put it on Tubbo's shoulder. He noted, happily, the lack of the usually flinch. How sad was that? His son not flinching when he moved made him happy.

He walked Tubbo all the way down to his room so the boy could pack. He even helped Tubbo when they arrived. The bag was almost full when he decided to speak what he'd been thinking. "Kid" he started. Tubbo froze. Bad start Schlatt, ender he wasn't good at this. "Yes?" He bit his tongue, cutting himself off before 'sir' could slip out.

"People can't talk to you like that okay? If someone speaks to you like that, or touches you, tell me immediately. Even Quackity, Phil, or the twins. Whoever is closest." Tubbo looked down at the shirt he was folding. His hands tightened on the fabric. "What if I deserve it?" He asks slowly. His tone was so innocent, so genuine it nearly broke Schlatt. The fact his son asked something like that, like it was completely normal, like he believed it. He stood up and walked towards Tubbo slowly.

"Tubs" he put his hand on the top of the boy's head. "I don't care what you do, you don't deserve to have someone yell at you in your face or grab you." Tubbo wanted to argue, but it was his dad. His dad would never lie to him right. "What if I'm being over dramatic?" He asked.

Sometimes Dream would hurt him and say he was being over dramatic when he cried. He'd say something like "I didn't hit you that hard" or "I was just playing around". It was usually true. Tubbo *did* overreact a lot. Sometimes Dream would playfully hit Tommy's arms. Tommy would smile while Tubbo would cower. *Tommy wasn't hit lightly right over a bruise. Tommy didn't get yelled at and slapped just minutes earlier, only for Dream to put on a smile right after pretending he and Tubbo were best buds. Pretending Tubbo's hands didn't shake at the raise of his voice.* No, Tubbo always overreacted.

Schlatt sighed. “Tubbo listen” he said. He grabbed the boy’s face and made Tubbo look at him in the eyes. He hated telling Tubbo to do things like this but it was necessary. He hated the way Tubbo went rigid. “I don’t care if they think you’re overreacting. If someone makes you uncomfortable, or scared, or if they hurt you please tell one of us okay? Even if it was something small.” Tubbo stared up at his dad somewhat surprised. He couldn’t believe Schlatt was so upset. He deserved it didn’t he? He messed up the man’s papers. Plus, the guy didn’t even hit him! Schlatt acted like he was treated cruelly.

It was cruel, it made him afraid. The man made him cry and tremble and the man shifted into Dream a few times but *it was okay*. Tubbo deserved it. He looked at Schlatt. *He didn’t deserve it.*

He wrapped his arms around his dad’s waist. He didn’t deserve it did he? When Tubbo messed up with Schlatt, the President was patient and calm. He kindly talked to Tubbo and *it worked*. Yelling and violence wasn’t necessary. It was wrong. The man was wrong. He shouldn’t have yelled and he shouldn’t have grabbed Tubbo. Just like Dream. Dream did the same thing, treated him similarly, worse even, for years. Tubbo realized it then.

He didn’t deserve it.

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